why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*, id'e ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornewal*, the deare father
Would with his daughter ſp eake, commands her ſeruice,
Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet may be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth ſtill neglect all office, where to our health
Is boũd, we are not our ſelues, when nature being opreſt
Cõmand the mind to ſuffer with the bodie ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more hedier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit, for the ſound man,
Death on my ſtate, wherfore ſhould he ſit here?
This act perſwades me, that this remotion of the Duke
Is practiſe, only giue me my ſeruant forth, (& her
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the eeles, when ſhe put vm it'h pâſt aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure kindnes to his horſe buttered his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Hayle to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your highnes.

Lear. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorſe me from thy mothers tombe
Sepulchring an adultreſſe, yea are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, oh *Regan* ſhe hath tyed,
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture heare,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou't not beleeue,
Of how depriued a qualitie, O *Regan*.

Reg.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſlacke her dutie.

Lear. My curſſes on her.

Reg. O Sir you are old, (fine,
Nature on you ſtandes on the very verge of her con-
You ſhould be rul'd and led by ſõme diſcretion,
That diſcernes your ſtate better thẽ you your ſelfe,
Therfore I pray that to our ſiſter, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?

Lear. Aske her forgiuenes,
Doe you marke how this becomes the houſe,
Deare daughter, I confeſſe that I am old,
Age is vnneceſſarie, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchſafe me rayment, bed and food.

Reg. Good ſir no more, theſe are vnſightly tricks,
Returne you to my ſiſter.

Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt blacke vpon me, ſtrooke mee with her tongue
Moſt Serpent-like vpon the very heart, (top,
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratful
Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.

Duke. Fie fie ſir.

You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,
Into her ſcornfull eyes, infect her beautie,
You Fen ſuckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne,
To fall and blaſt her pride.

Reg. O the bleſt Gods, ſo will you wiſh on me,
When the raſh mood--.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe,
The tẽder hefted nature ſhall not giue the or'e (burne
To harſhnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do cõfort & not
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes, (traine,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in, thou better knoweſt,
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,